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Neighbor Brown: "Do you know that Jones has eleven children?"

Neighbor Smith: "He's gone stork mad, hasn't he?"  
—Cornell Widow.

"God bless mother and father. Bless my little brothers and sisters, and friends, and good-bye God, I'm going to college."  
—Princeton Tiger.

"Hard as concrete, you say?"  
"Yeh. Fact is, I took her for a walk."

—Puppet.

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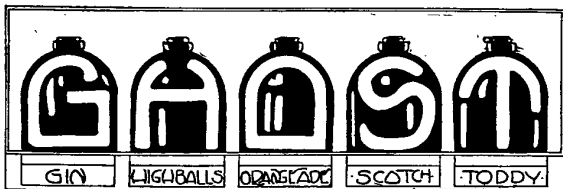
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SODAS - - - - SUNDAES

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Vol. III

May, 1927

No. 4

Don't be a ghost!

—Eat at THE CLEVES

1819 G Street

Father: "The man who marries my daughter will get a prize."

Ardent Suitor: "May I see it, please?"

—Chaparral.

"I can't be a gold-digger any more."

"Tell me why."

"I'm over twenty-one, and no longer a minor."

—Virginia Reel.

Daughter: "Give me a cigarette."

Mother: "I'll see you inhale first."

—Washington Dirge.

Harris: "And your brother, who was trying so hard to get a Government job—what is he doing now?"

Brown: "Nothing—he got the job."

—Laughter.



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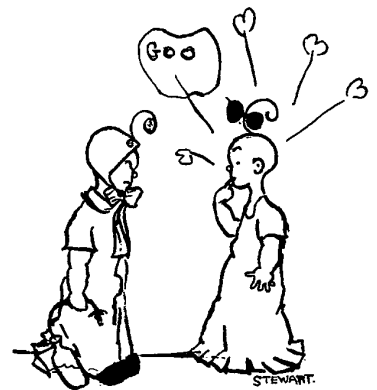
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# Children's Number



# GHOST

## FIRE! FIRE!

The reason women have never been allowed on the fire department is that buildings would only get hotter when they turned their hose on them.

—✧—

Prof. (during lecture in Biology): "Today we will start off by naming some of the lower animals, beginning with the young lady in the first row."

—✧—

George: "This medicine is no good."

Washington: "Tell it to me."

George: "All the directions it gives are for adults and I have never had them."

—✧—

Hatchette: "What do the fellows talk about up at your fraternity house?"

Hatchet: "The same things you girls do."

Hatchette: "Oh, you boys are terrible."

—✧—

"What's that girl's name?"

"Viola."

"Oh, so that's the reason you can string her along."

—✧—



C.E. SHREVE

"Yes, sir. Robert is the luckiest man on earth. He married a pretty girl and a good cook."

"What is he, a Mormon?"



SOMERVELL

Flora: "Why do you say that Henry was drunk?"

Fauna: "Well, he got on a street car and asked the conductor for a lower berth."

—✧—

## CALL THE POLICE!

Harry saw a perfectly good cigar butt in the street one day, and when he went to pick it up an automobile ran over his hand, doubtless injuring it somewhat. Harry went to the doctor, who at once put it in a splint. The hand began to heal, and the time came for Harry's last visit to the Doc. As the bandage was removed, he surveyed his hand and said:

"Doctor, will I be able to play the saxophone now?"

"Why, sure," came the medico's reply.

"That's fine," said Harry. "I've always wanted to play some kind of musical instrument."

What happened after that is extremely hard to imagine.

—✧—

## "ASK ME ANOTHER"

(Answer on page 13)

1. What was the name of Lincoln's son?



# GHOST



"How long you up fo', Bo?"

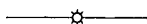
"Two weeks."

"What fo'?"

"Moider."

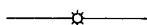
"How come dat's all you got fo' moider?"

"Oh, den theys goin' ter take me out and 'lectrocute me."

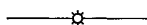


"And what, prithee, is the difference between a flapper and a gold-digger?"

"Why, the flapper rolls the eye, and the gold-digger eyes the roll."



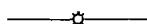
The woman who tries to keep her son from the clutches of designing flappers will also try to marry off her daughter to the first man that comes along.



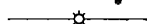
The movie hero had just clasped the beautiful girl in his arms, and was practicing the art of ardent love-making. In the audience a wife turned to her husband and said:

"John, see how he makes love? Why don't you ever do that way with me?"

"My good woman, that guy gets \$5,000 a week for doing just that sort of thing," replied John.



Although the chorus girl is reputed to be very dumb, anyone will admit that you can't get much on her.



"ASK ME ANOTHER"

(Answer on page 13)

2. What time is it?

## LINES WRITTEN UNDER A GROUCH

By SHERMAN JOHNSON

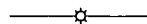
*You have forgotten all fine days,  
And days of love, and thought, and pain  
The triumph of a lover's gaze,  
And now remember only rain.*

*Well, there were girls with big brown eyes,  
That in the sunlight shone like stars;  
Girls that were quiet, yes, and wise,  
And sweetest still, the girls with cars.*

*You would, it's true, forget all this,  
The loves that meant all else to you—  
And will forget, except one kiss,  
The kiss least honest and least true.*

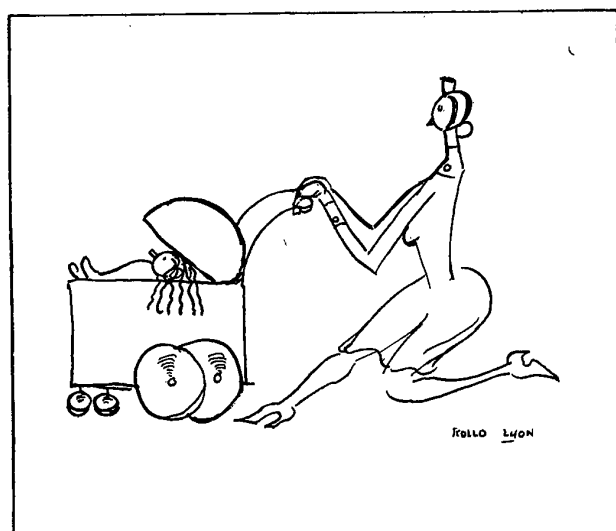
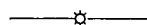
*Was it the girl with big brown eyes—  
No, for her eyes were too like stars,  
The girl so quiet and so wise,  
Or the sweet girls who had the cars?*

*Oh, well, forget the finer days,  
The days of love and thought and pain,  
Or triumph of a lover's gaze—  
You will remember only rain.*



Butler: "Mr. Jones, your wife just eloped with the chauffeur."

Jones: "Isn't that my luck! Just when I wanted to use the car to go golfing."



**LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI**

Aged 8 Months



# GHOST



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Faculty Advisor: Henry Grattan Doyle.



HIS is the fourth and last issue of 'The GHOST for this school year, and at this time we desire to thank the student body and faculty for the support they have given us in reviving this magazine. We realize that The GHOST of this year did not compare in size to most of the other college comics, but are satisfied with the work we have done in laying a firm foundation.

The faculty has again granted us permission to publish The GHOST next year, and when you return to school next September try to remember to keep out a dollar or two for a subscription. It is our intention to publish a number each month, beginning with October, and with the magazine increased to twice its present size we are sure that you will be quite proud of The GHOST.







### LINES FROM A CAMPUS BENCH

By SHERMAN JOHNSON

*Winter is gone in just one day;  
I marvel at your new spring dress,  
And watch you still from far away,  
Anxious to feel your light caress.*

*What things have passed since spring has fled?  
What men adored you for so long?  
And are those words of love unsaid?  
For winter's love's an old dull song.*

*That you are gone, my heart is sore;  
I love you now, when flowers appear;  
And I might win your love once more,  
But—I am far too lazy, dear.*



# GHOST



## A Bedtime Story

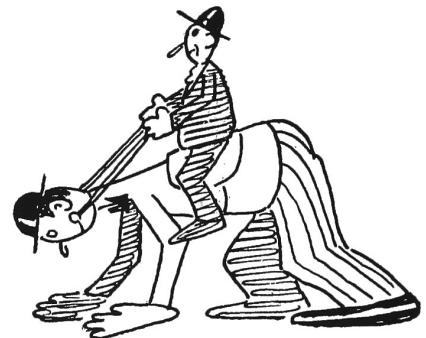
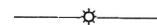
FOR THE CHILDREN

Peter Rabbit had not seen Johnny Chipmunk for quite a while. Of all his woodland friends Johnny was the most affable, and always had a hickory nut or grain of corn for his friend. Peter ambled down toward the old sawmill, where Johnny, the Chipmunk lived. On his way he met Freddie, the Field Mouse, who was attempting to carry off a huge ear of corn from old Farmer Brown's cornfield. Peter was mortified to see Freddie do a thing like this, for Freddie was a direct descendant of Blackie, the Blackbird, who was the First Settler in Farmer Brown's cornfield.

"Why, Freddie," said Peter, "you ought to know better than to do a thing like that. You know that the farmers are having a hard time and are not getting a very good price for their corn. You know how mean those Republicans are. Now put it back like a nice little mousie."

"Why in the name of h—— can't you Rotarians tend to your own business?" said Freddie, the Field Mouse.

And now, kiddies, you can just see how it pays to be honest.



ROWLAND LYON

Joe: "Why do you always take a drink before you go to bed?"

Sherman: "Oh, it always makes me sleep tighter."



Teresa Snitchenhausen (the girl from home), and Rodney Pettigrew (the boy who didn't care), were chatting jocosely under the old sycamore tree on Main Street. Teresa had just been elected the "most polite girl" in the Good Cheer Sewing Circle, and Rodney had been chosen to represent the whole county in the Horseshoe Pitching Contest at the State Fair. It was only natural that these two talented young people should be drawn together by Fate.

Rodney was reading a beautiful serial story from the "Youth's Companion," when suddenly the muffled trill of a red, red robin interrupted the tranquility of the rustic tableau. This, of course, caused Teresa to change the subject, and the following is exactly what transpired in that sleepy little village:

"Rodney boy, do you play lawn tennis?" queried the tasteful damsel.

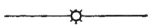
"No, I play croquet," said the lad, manfully. "It's much more wicket."

Whereupon Teresa bit her lip, and the red, red robin nestled its head on its downy breast and made a bee-line for the Sunny Southland.

### "ASK ME ANOTHER"

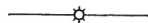
(Answer on page 13)

3. Would you rather have a date with Norma Shearer or your landlady?



Statistics show that knee-length skirts have reduced street car accidents by fifty per cent. Wouldn't it be lovely if we could eliminate accidents altogether?

When Susie was a little baby she was petted quite a bit. She is now eighteen, and the situation is pretty much the same.



"I see the Persian women are leaving off their veils. They want to be more like the American women."

"They'll have to leave off more than their veils."



**"ASK ME ANOTHER"**

(Answer on page 13)

4. What is wrong with this picture?

—\*—

She: "My bathing suit is rented."

He: "That so? Where at?"

—\*—

Mr. Coolidge will not throw his hat into the ring this time. He will doubtless use a cap, as they are much cheaper.

—\*—

"Lucy is not as black as she's painted."

"No, nor as red."

—\*—

Prof: "You missed class yesterday, didn't you?"

Student: "No, not in the least."

—\*—

"How do you keep a goat from smelling?"

"That's easy. Cut his nose off."

—\*—



**AT THE END OF HIS ROPE**



"I see where the faculty has prohibited students from having cars."  
"Yeah, they're just jealous, that's all."

Some small boys were swimming in the lake, attired only in their birthday suits. An elderly lady chanced to pass, and was shocked beyond reason at the unusual spectacle.

"Boys, boys," she remonstrated, "isn't it against the law to bathe without suits?"

"Yes, lady," chirped one of the lads, "but come on in. We won't tell on you."

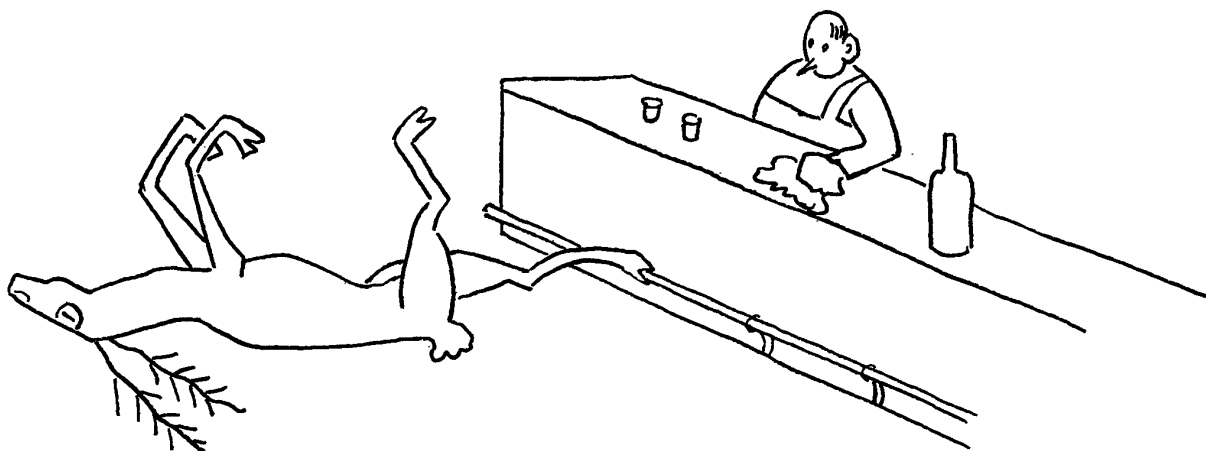
**PROFESSIONAL ADVICE**

A Jew entered a dentist's office in search for some free advice.

"Doc," said the Hebrew, "how can I keep my teeth from decaying?"

"Eat plenty of candy and never clean your teeth," replied the doctor sweetly.

# GHOST



ROWLAND LYON —

## THE STAG AT EVE HAD DRUNK HIS FILL

### Your Baby's Future

Have you arranged your program for your baby's future? If not, you must do so at once if you expect your offspring to be well known nineteen years from now. Of course the little one will probably be only a government clerk, but one must take such chances.

Time spent in bouncing the baby on your knee is largely wasted. It could be put to much better use if you would plan to make its name known from coast to coast. A little publicity will do the trick. It isn't hard if you start now.

Great care should be expended in the hiring of the proper publicity director as the first step. A carefully arranged line of procedure should be mapped out before starting. If the youngster is less than thirteen months old we would suggest the following program as a beginner:

1. Have the baby appear as a witness for the defense in the most sensational murder trial before the public at the present time.

2. Furnish all graphic newspapers with photographs of the youngster seated complacently on the knee of Greta Garbo.

3. Have baby assault nurse with slat from crib, beating her severely over the head. Issue statement reading: "She lured me into it."

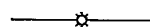
4. Mix synthetic gin with baby's milk and have publicity director give out statement to all newspapers that in order to get the little one's stomach used to the present day product this method was being employed, and that complete immunity

from wood alcohol was expected by the time the baby reached the adolescent stage.

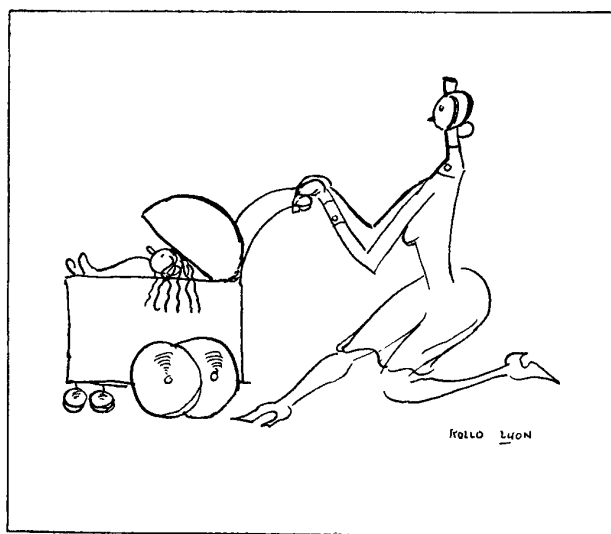
5. Leave baby on doorstep of the White House with note to Cal Coolidge that it would be glad to discuss the Chinese situation with him.

6. Dress baby in aviation suit and run photo in Sunday supplement showing how the American flyers will look when they start the New York-to-Paris flight.

7. Smear mud on baby's face and have maid roll him down the street, showing the effect of the Mississippi flood.



"It's a crime to rob the mails, but not to rob the males," said Kitty, the gold digging co-ed.



ROLLO LYON

## THE LADY OF SHALOTT

Aged 6 Weeks



# GHOST



## What Do You Do In Your Spare Time?

Tom Jones was a poor man, yet cultured. He had read most of the world's greatest literature, and was an authority on philosophy, logic and ethics. On this particular night Mr. and Mrs. Jones had been to some sort of a social gathering, and were returning home on the street car. Mrs. Jones, evidently displeased with the whole evening, broke the silence.

"I never was so mortified in all my life. You sat there like a stick all evening, and didn't say a word. Gee, but you're a dumb-bell."

"Say, how was I to know that they were going to talk about street cleaning and steamfitting? If they had talked about Kant, or Aristotle, or Shakespeare, I'd have been right at home," whined the husband.

"You're such an ignoramus, Tom," said the spouse. "I don't see why you can't be like Michael Stanislawski. He and his wife have plenty of money. And didn't you see how he held the interest of the whole party? My, how that man knows steamfitting!"

"Yes, you're right," weakly admitted the male. And suddenly, with the glint of determination in



"\* \* \* and this, Mr. Katzenbloom, is a cover design \* \* \* my latest attempt to adapt cubism to commercial art. What do you think of it?"

"Marvelous! Would you accept a position as chief designer in my golf hose and sport sweater factory?"

(Editor's Note: This joke is not intended to rock the nation.)



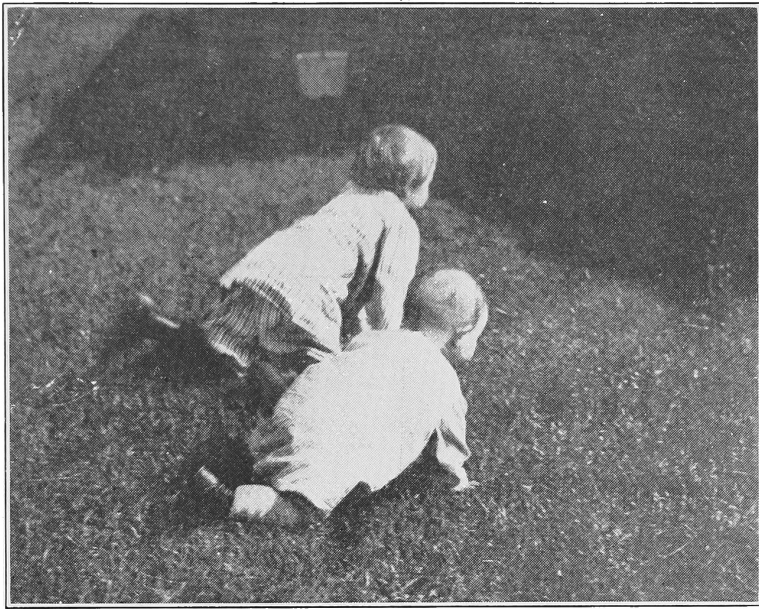
"WE MODERNS"

his eye, he vigorously asserted, "I'll show 'em! We won't be poor any longer! I'll hold the interest of the party after this. I'm going to get a job as a steamfitter's apprentice. That's what I'll do!"

Needless to say, Tom Jones became a steamfitter. Mr. and Mrs. Jones now have a town house and an estate on Long Island. They have three foreign cars, to say nothing of an electric washing machine, a patented potato parer, and hot and cold running water in the basement. The Jones' are invited to all social functions, for Mr. Jones is such an intelligent man, and knows about everything. The Jones' also have a cook named Mirandy. They are, in fact, sitting on top of the world.

P. S.—Exactly three weeks after Mr. Jones became a steamfitter he also inherited \$1,529,762.83 from a rich (?) uncle. This probably had something to do with the present prosperity of the happy Jones family.





**PICTURE OF TWO G. W. PROFESSORS, TAKEN QUITE  
SOMETIME AGO**

Customer: "No, I simply couldn't wear this coat, it is too tight."

Clerk: "Pardon me, madam, but I've shown you all of our stock now. That's your own coat you have on."

Young Fellow: "So you and Clarice were discussing nothing at all."

Clarice: "Yes, we were talking about you."

"How was the dance last night?"

"Simply great; something went wrong with the lights."

"How about a ride in my new car, girlie?"

"No."

"Come on, now. I'm a very careful driver."

"You may be a careful driver, but I'm afraid you'd be careless when you're not driving."

### Nursery Rhymes (SLIGHTLY COCKEYED)

*As I was going to St. Ives,  
I met a man with sixteen wives,  
Cannons to the right of them,  
Cannons to the left of them,  
Volleyed and thundered.  
This doesn't rhyme, does it?*

*Little Jack Horner,  
Sat in a corner,  
Eating his Christmas pie.  
When he got there,  
The cupboard was bare,  
Jingle bells, Jingle bells.*

*The stag at eve had drunk his fill,  
She was dressed up fit to kill.  
Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
Isn't this poem perfectly sill?  
Did you ever see a bee's knee?  
I'll chase you and you chase me.*

*The king was in his counting house,  
Counting out his money,  
The queen was in the kitchen,  
Eating bread and honey.  
Was the queen sore at the king?  
No, the king was sore at the queen.*

Watchful Parent: "Young man, I understand that you have made advances to my youngest daughter."

Y. M.: "That's true. I wasn't going to mention it, but since you brought the subject up I would appreciate your paying me back."

Jane: "Why do you suppose James said that I reminded him of the Eighteenth Amendment?"

Sue: "I'm sure I don't know, unless it is that the Eighteenth Amendment is not very popular."

Stranger in City (to passerby): "Sir, can you assist me? I've lost my bearings."

Passerby: "Indeed I'm sorry. Do you know where you lost 'em?"



- ROLLO LYON -

The guy with the hat: "What's the difference between a girl and a golfer?"

The three college boys: "Not much. Both like to go around in as little as possible."



# GHOST



## Answers To "Ask Me Another"

1. Lincoln.
2. Look at your watch. That's what it's for.
3. Don't be silly.
4. What picture are you talking about?

Caller: "Is Mrs. Smith in?"

Smith: "No, she's away for the week."

Caller: "Oh, indeed! And who minds the baby?"

Smith: "I do—awfully."

Hint to college students: One good way to commit suicide is to litter the floor with banana peelings and then give a vigorous rendition of the Charleston.

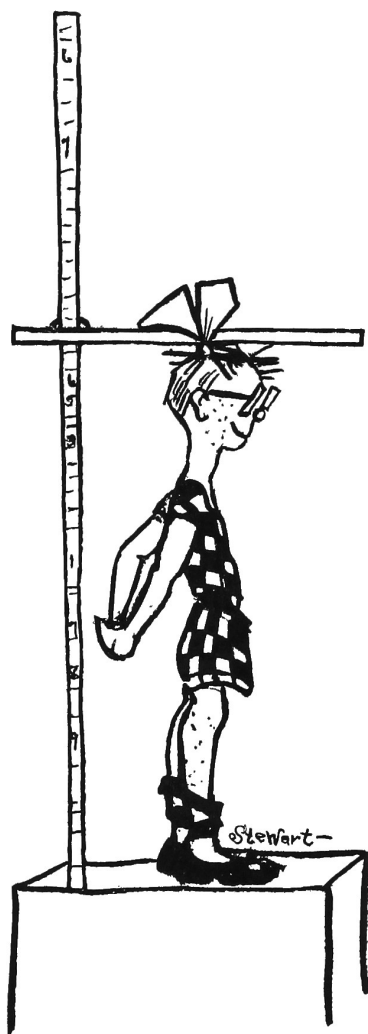
"Gee, why doesn't that girl stop singing?"

"I thought you said she sang beautifully."

"No, I said she was a beautiful singer."

"Ever been to Pittsburgh?"

"Yes, I spent a month there last Sunday."



THE HEIGHT OF GRACE

Professor: "Mr. Smith, can you answer Mr. Jones' question?"

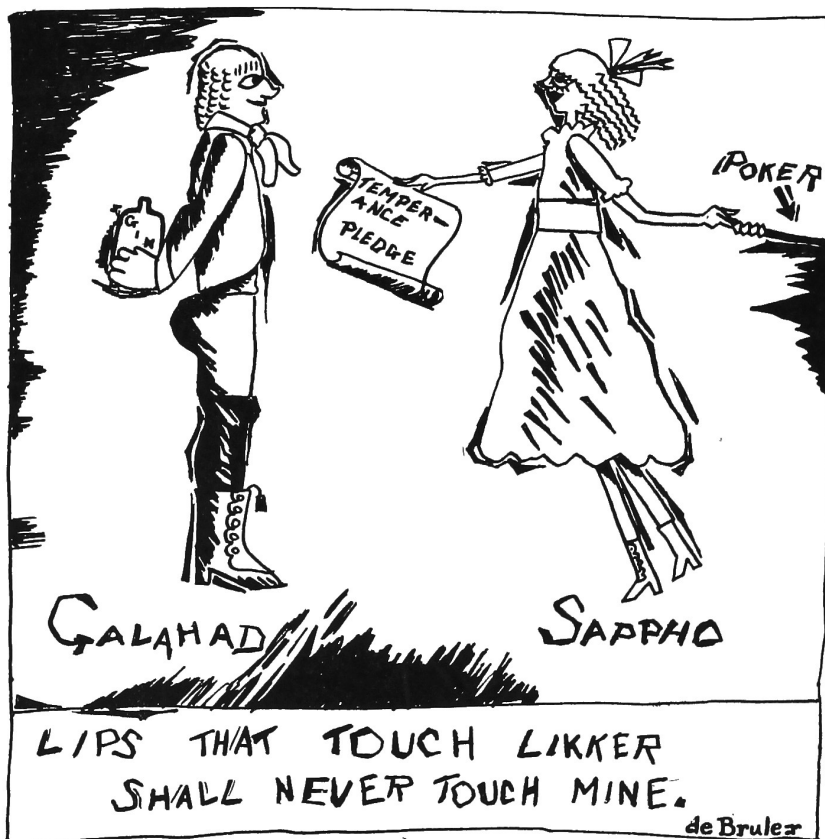
Smith: "No, sir. I'm afraid I don't know any more about it than you do."

"How do you like my friend?"

"Oh, I'd like him better if he was in China. He'd have less chance of living there."

"She's one of the kind of girls who say what they think."

"Then, she doesn't have much to say, does she?"



## MORAL LESSONS FOR CHILDREN

By the Rev. Wuzzlewright.

*Little Galahad, in the role of (hades)—hound has attempted to offer little Sappho of the Knights and Ladies of the Right a drink of Gin. She has very properly refused and is about to crack him one with the poker. Then when he is cold she can drink it all herself.*

# GHOST

Not Yet: "How, now, my clever Poliziano, and what is the best thing about a musical comedy?"

Fleurette: "Certes, my good oaf, I know not, unless peradventure it might be the props."

"Gosh, I'm sleepy. Didn't get in until 4 o'clock this morning."

"Yes, I know it."

"Gee, your girl tells you everything, doesn't she."

Ashurbanipal: "What, do you mean to say that you took that girl out, spent eight dollars on her, and didn't even kiss her good night?"

Shalmaneser: "Sure. I didn't want to spoil our friendship."

Mother: "Do you let the men kiss you?"

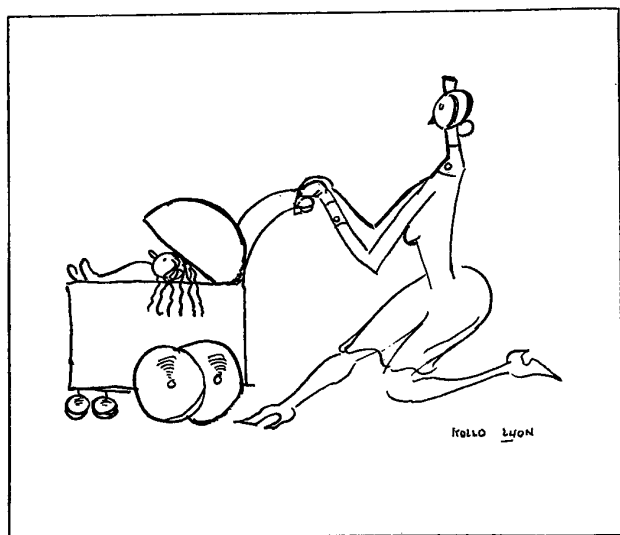
Daughter: "Well, mother, I always make it a point to say 'no,' but what can a poor, weak girl do against a big, strong man?"

"That tramp has an awful crust, hasn't he?"

"Yes. Guess it's because he seldom takes a bath."

"Where did you learn to love like that?"

"Oh, I served as night watchman at Chevy Chase Lake last summer."



**THE BLESSED DAMOZEL**

Aged One



MR. LEGREE



UNKEL TOM



— ROWLAND LYON —

## LITTLE EVA GOES TO HEAVEN

She was only a Geology Prof's daughter, but she surely did know her Quartz.

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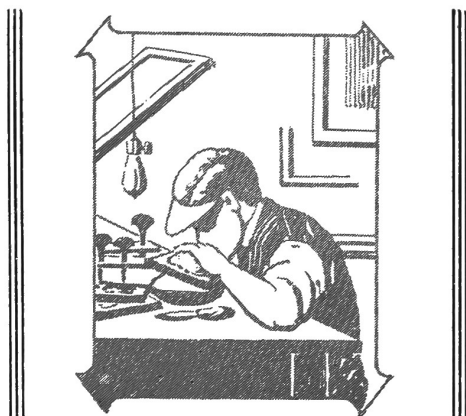
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Gin: "Why does Jack demand that his food be always stewed?"

Rickey: "He believes in having things harmonize with his personal affectations."

—Mink.

On the Plebe English exam. unconventional definitions—"a seniority is a girls' society in which queer things take place."

—Log.

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## *Announcement!*

Beginning with October, 1927, The GHOST will be published every month. It will be approximately twice its present size, and will contain many interesting and amusing features which will surprise you.

There will be eight issues of The GHOST during the school year, at 25 cents per copy. All eight issues will be sent to you by mail for the trivial sum of \$1.75.

IF YOU HAVE NOTHING TO DO during your summer vacation, allow us to suggest that you try your hand at drawing pictures or writing short humorous skits for next year's GHOST. Please make the drawings in black India ink, and submit other copy in typewritten form. With your help we are going to make the GHOST one of the best college comics in the country.


Address your contributions to The GHOST, George Washington University.



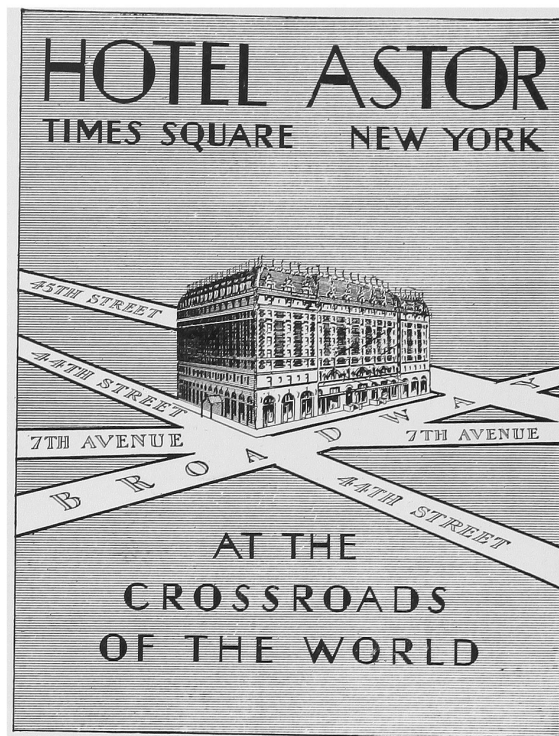
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Betty: "Are you ever troubled with cold feet, Algernon?"

Algy: "Why, yes, ethereal mistress, but not my own."  
—Mink.

Mama Pig: "Here's a good dinner ready for you."

Papa Pig: "Gee, that's swill."  
—Washington Dirge.

The reason so many of the milk-men are single is because of that fact that they are the only persons in the world who see so many women early in the morning.

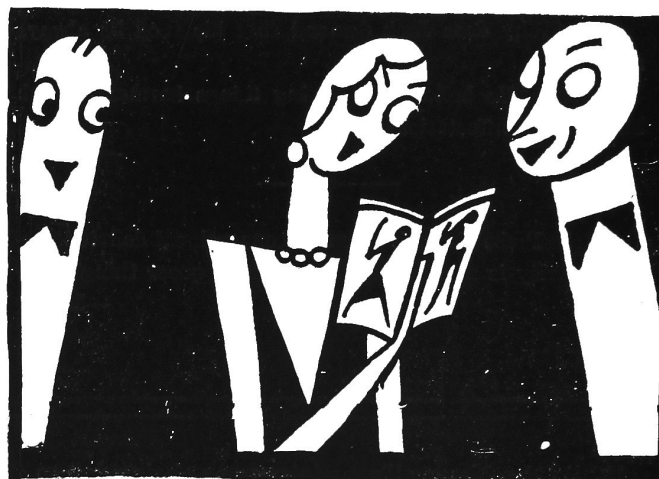
—Bucknell Belle Hop.

He was paying a bill at the hotel office, when he suddenly looked up at the girl cashier and asked what it was she had around her neck.

"That's a ribbon, of course," she said. "Why?"

"Well," replied he, "everything else around this hotel is so high I thought perhaps it was your garter."

—Annapolis Log.



**Deero:** "These cigarette ads have such clever slogans!"

**Troco:** "And yet I have one that's worth a million for any cigarette!"

**Deero:** "And that is—"

**Troco:** "LIFE SAVERS smooth the way for another!"



## "Burning the Midnight Oil"

**I**N the days when the student body believed in the Patriarchal Theory of Whiskers, and the Undertaker's Local No. 1 attended foot-ball games en masse, the college student was wont to seek light divertisement to while away dull evening hours. And the town wag with his inimitable badinage coined "Burning the Midnight Oil."

But fate with true irony has made this phrase a reality. Endless classes during the day—long, weary hours of study at night—leave hardly time for a thought of those removed from your college world. But they are there—waiting. Mother and Dad not quite understanding how your time is crowded—are waiting. Let them hear your voice.

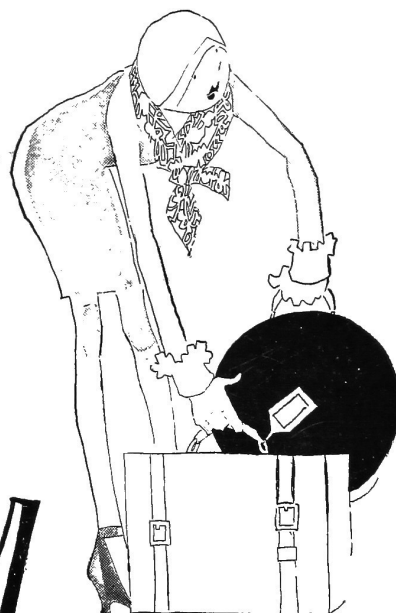
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